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### ZOLA AND HIS WORK

His Ambition Is to Be a Napoleon in the Literary Field.

He Views Life as a God Might, Taking Sides with None, and Reflecting That Which He Beholds.

From George Moore's "My Impressions of Zola," in Strand Magazine. Medan was then an unknown village on a hillside-a few hamlets and a square church tower. Zola had just gone to live there. He had bought a cottage from the peasants, and was rebuilding it by degrees. The great study which overlooks the low-lying, silvery-green meadows through which the Oise flows was just finished. He had, even at that time, begun to collect the massive furniture to which his natural taste runs. Madame Zola led the way up some tortuous staircases, opened the door and left me to find the master if I could. At first I thought I should not succeed. I peeped about the heavy furniture, wondered at the lectern, and finally discovered the master lying on a sofa by the window, correcting proofs. He waved his hand to me to be seated. "Dear me," I thought, "this is a little chilling;" and at the same moment I remembered that I had heard that Zola knew at once if he were talking to a fool or a man of wit, that he did not tolerate a fool for above a minute; at the end of that time he was dismissed with short "Heavens! I haven't said a word, has already found out that a fool." But there was the seat. I had to sit down. I glanced at the terrible master who lay on the sofa, his glasses on his nose, reading me, I thought, through and through. I sat, striving to collect my thoughts. The necessity of some commonplace remark frightened me. If Homer and Shakspeare were suddenly introduced they would have to begin with remarks about the weather, or the pleasure they had both taken in each other's works. But, not feeling myself to be either I trembled as I gabbled through the inevitable compliments. He received my com-pliments coldly; so coldly that my flesh began to creep, and I felt that there could no longer be any doubt in his mind that I was a foel.

Zola was not then what he is now, a gra-cious, kindly man, in the habit of receiving every one who chooses to call on him and answering all sorts of questions. He was then the iconoclast, the idol breaker, a sort of bear who hid himself in a cave and cursed the universe, who bade all comers begone, and was personally known only to half a dozen friends. Zola did not know how to receive commonplace compliments, and I shall never forget the frigid indiffer-ence with which he received mine. MADE HIM A FRIEND. To my surprise and pleasure Zola began

to tell me about the novel he was then writing. I must have stayed three-quarters of an hour, and then, fearing to outstay my welcome, I bade the master good-bye. He took me down stairs, talking all the time. He asked me to come and see him again. Then I knew I had made a friend.

At this time Zola was a fat man. Soon after he became a thin one. By abstaining from drink at his meals he reduced his weight thirty-six French pounds in two months. He seemed to have accepted Balzac's maxim that the elegance of life exists mainly in the waist. As his waist narrowed his manner of life became more expansive. No longer is he the recluse of Medan; he has added a tower to his country house with what intention I never fully understood, and he lives in a spacious man-sion in the Rue des Bruxelles, which he has furnished with oak carvings, tapes-tries, portraits of archbishops and wrought iron railings. A plaster cast of the Venus de Milo stands on the balustrade that circles the staircase. This confusion of taste seems to me to be representative of the owner's mind, a mind that would embrace life and art in their entirety, who grasps like a riant, and out of whose enormous grasp

But there is no reason why a great writer should be learned in curios; there are many why he should not. The greatest do not care much about such things. Manet lived all his life amid the red plush of a hotel meuble; and I am not sure that I should have spoken of Zola's furniture if it had not been that, with the acquisition of a waist and much general bric-a-brac, a definite mental change has come upon Zola. I once heard him say that he was going to give a ball. I don't think he ever carried the project into execution. However this may be, his house has for the last three years been open to visitors and he has answered the ten thousand heterogeneous questions that the eleven hundred and fifty-seven interviewers have put to him with unfailing urbanity, and, I am bound to admit, with extraordinary common sense. His mind is not as intense and penetrating as Tourgeneff's, but it looks with admirable lucidity over a wide surface, and he can answer the most foolish questions rea-

The Zola novel is practically the daily aper. Zola has discovered a formula which suits the average man as well as the Daily Telegraph or the Petit Journal. The average man finds in each novel the same amount of actuality, the same amount of imagination, the same amount of love making. And Zola chooses his subject not In obedience to an artistic instinct, but in accordance to public taste. What better subject than Lourdes? Three hundred thousand pilgrims go there yearly. Every pilgrim is a certain reader. Protestants hope to find refutation. Catholics confirmation of the miracles. The afflicted in all countries are interested in the question. What an audience. And Zola will steer a middle course, steered a middle course between France and Prussia. ABOUT "THE DOWNFALL."

I heard him boast, without, however, percelving the enormous artistic significan of what he was saying, that he had written a French novel on the war without giving Prussia cause for offense. I take it that the sublime impartiality of the true artist is very ferent from the mock impartial-Ity of the journalist who wants to "get up" a controversy. The true artist is void alike of morals, patriotism, politics, love or hate; he sees life as God sees it, without prejudice; life is for him-I think the praise in Flaubert's-"une hallucination a trans-

The idea of conquest seems inherent in Zola. Five-and-twenty years ago he wrote a book called "Le Conquete de Plassant." The idea of conquest cropped up again in L'Oeuvre, and this time it was Paris that was conquered. Now it seems that Zola meditates the conquest of the world. He came to England at the head of an army of journalists; rockets were let off at the Crystal Palace and trumpets were blown in his honor at the Mansion House. The pretext was literature, the real reason was worship of the golden calf; and Zola has profited by the circumstance to extend his connection. He will probably proceed on a similar mission to St. Petersburg (it has already been spoken of); he may even visit America. Why not? There are sixty million in the United States who, through the medium of translation, may read the Rougon Macquart. The newspapers reported that Madame Zola, astonished at the length of our London suburbs, said: "This is a town that would suit you, Emile." Every house represented to her the possible sale of a novel, Charpentier edition, three francs fifty. If you were to tell Zola that your concierge had not heard his name he would feel much discouraged. He would inquire if there were a conclerges' guild, and would arrange to address a meeting. Napoleon looked upon every man who was not a soldier as lost to France; so does Zola look upon all men who do not read his novels.

The desire of gold for its own sake is comprehensible in a way; the desire to make money for the sake of children is easily comprehensible, and it is possible to sympathize with Rossint, who, when he had made sufficient income, declined to write another note of music, saying that henceforth he intended to live for the pleasure of the table and conversation with his friends. But Zola's case is not one of these. He has no love of money; he has squandered all he made on vulgar decoration and absurd architecture.

Zola has sacrificed his genius for the sake of ephemeral conquest; the literature he is now writing will perish even as a barbaric horde that overwhelms civilization for a moment, and after some rapine is driven back. For the sake of such conquests, I repeat, Zola has sacrificed the joy of life and the joy of art. At the annual dinner of the Society of Parisians, of Paris, M. Zola, in responding to a toast of health proposed by Francols

"When I began to write I let people think I was a native of Provence. In Provence people called me 'Le Francois,' and in Paris 'the Provencal.' For all that I am a Parisian, having been born in a room over the printing office at 10 bis Rue Saint Joseph. It is true that my father was a Venetian and my mother a Hachceronne

streets of Paris when I was very poor and sometimes very wretched. At that time some young companions and I used to start for a walk from the Pont des Arts and return by the outside boulevards. How delightful those rambles were. One of my greatest joys now is to say to myself: 'This I have described, and that I have made the starting point for a story.' And when I find myself before some place which my pen has left untouched I exclaim: 'How that might be made matter for a new book!'

# THE "POSSUM PLAYERS."

Trick of Feigning Death Practiced in Both Vegetable and Animal Life.

Atlantic Monthly. The feigning of death by certain animals, for the purpose of deceiving their enemies, and thus securing immunity, is one of the greatest of many evidences of their intelligent ratiocination. Letusimulation (from letum, death, and simulare, to feign) is not confined to any particular family, order, or species of animals, but exists in many, from the very lowest to the high-est. It is found even in the vegetable kingdom, the well-known sensitive plant being an interesting example. The action of this plant is, however, purely reflex, as can be proved by observation and experiment, and is not, therefore, a process of intelligence. The habit of feigning death has introduced a figure of speech into the English lan-guage, and has done much to magnify and perpetuate the fame of the only marsupial found outside the limits of Australasia. "Playing 'possum" is now a synonym for certain kinds of deception. I have seen this habit in some of the lowest animals known to science. Some time ago, while examining the inhabitants of a drop of pond water under a high power lens, I noticed several rhizopods busily feeding on the minute buds of an alga. These rhizo-pods suddenly drew in their hair-like filarla and sank to the bottom, to all appearances dead. I soon discovered the cause in the presence of a water louse, an animal which feeds on these animalcules. It likewise sank to the bottom, and after looking at the rhizopods swam away, evidently regarding them as dead and unfit for food. The rhizopods remained quiet for several seconds, and then swam to the alga and resumed feeding. This was not an accidental occurrence, for twice since I have been fortuenough to witness the same wonderful performance. There were other minute animals swimming in the drop of water, but the rhizopods fed on unconcernedly until the shark of the microscopic sea appeared. They then recognized their danger at once, and used the only means in their power to escape. Through the agency of what sense did these little creatures discover the approach of their enemy? Is it possible that they and other like microscopic animals have eyes and ears so exceedingly small that lenses of the very highest power cannot make them visible? Or are they possessors of sense utterly unknown and incapable of being apprenor deny these suppositions. The fact alone remains that, through some sense, they discovered the presence of the enemy, and feigned death in order to escape.

Most animals are slain for food by other animals. There is a continual struggle for existence. Most of the carnivora and insectivora prefer freshly-killed food to carrion. They will not touch tainted meat when they can procure fresh. It is a mistake to suppose that carnivora prefer such food. The exigencies of their lives and their struggle for existence often compel them to eat it. Dogs will occasionally take it, but sparingly, and apparently as a relish, just as we eat certain odoriferous cheeses. But carnivora and insectivora would rather do their own butchery; hence, when they come upon their prey apparently dead, they will leave it alone and go in search of other quarry, unless they are very hungry. Tainted flesh is a dangerous substance to go into most stomachs. Certain ptomaines render it sometimes very poisonous. Long years of experience have taught this fact to animals, and therefore most of them let dead or seemingly dead creatures severely alone.

### A New Story of Horace Greeley.

New York Sun. The Chicago Newspaper Union publishes an article containing a considerable variety of misinformation concerning Mr. Donald C. Henderson, the experienced editor of the Allegan Record, a valuable Republican journal of Michigan. Mr. Henderson has been an editor forty or fifty years, and was for several years employed in the New York Tribune, where he was the only man who could approach Mr. Greeley in the management and understanding of election statistics. Generally the chief was not too hard on him, but there is one story which our Chicago contemporary does not

Mr. Greeley came in one day in a discontented mind, and, meeting Henderson near the door, he said to him, as he held out an unsatisfactory column of election figures: "Henderson, you did this?" "Yes, sir," answered the young man modestly. "Well, then," continued the great Horace, "go away from here. I discharge you! I dismiss you! I don't want to see you here any

more! Go away!" Dr. Ripley, who had come in during this conversation, supposed, of course, that Hen-derson would obey the order and depart; but he found him at work the next morning as tranquil as a summer sky. "Why, Henderson," said he, "are you here?" Didn't Mr. Greeley dismiss you yesterday?" "Yes, sir," replied the young man; "but I didn't place confidence in what he said." And for several years afterward he continued to labor in the editorial department of the

# How Napoleon Solicited a Loan.

New York Tribune. An Italian newspaper publishes the fol-lowing characteristic letter from the conqueror of Marengo and Austerlitz to the celebrated actor, Talma: "I have fought like a lion for the republic, my good Tal-ma, and now she rewards me by letting me starve. I am at the end of my resources. That wretched Aubrey leaves me in the streets, when he could very well do something for me. I feel capable of accomplishing more than the Generals Santerre and Rossignol, and there is not a soul to employ me. You are fortunate. Your fame does not depend on any one. Two hours passed on the stage puts you in the presence of the public, who rewards you with glory. We military must strive for it on a larger stage, on which we are not always allowed to appear. Do not complain of your position. Remain at your theater; who knows if I shall ever appear at mine again. I saw Monvel yesterday; he is a true friend. Barras promises me much; will he keep his word? I doubt it. Meanwhile, I have arrived at my last sou. Can you favor me with a few crowns? They would be very useful to me, and I give you my word to return them to you, from the first kingdom that I conquer with my sword. How fortunate the heroes of Ariosto were! They did not depend upon a minister of war. Addio, always yours, Bonaparte.'

# Result of a Careless Habit.

Philadelphia Record. A number of young ladies in Manayunk. Pa., society are forming what they call "The Anti-Put-Money-in-Your-Mouth Socie-The movement originated one day last week, when a charming belle had occasion to ride home from the Falls of Schuylkill in a street car. She tendered the conducter a bright new dime in paying her Sitting opposite her was a dirtylooking Italian or Hungarian, whose bands looked as if they had not been washed for a year. He handed the conductor a be-grimed-looking nickel, which was handed over to the young lady in change for ber dime. She placed the coin between her rosebud lips, while she took her purse from her muff and opened it. On the following day the young lady was surprised to find her lips greatly swollen, and she has ever since been under the care of a physician, who says that had there been the slightest crack in her lips she would have been inoculated with some horrible disease, and he regards her escape as remarkable.

# Gold Dishes Melted Down.

London Daily News Four golden dishes were missed last week from Prince Esterhazy's castle, near Oedenburg, which the deceased Prince's father purchaser for £5,000 when he was embassador in London fifty years ago. Two of these golden dishes were once the property of Mary Queen of Scots, and Scottish noblemen, according, that is, to the tradition in the Esterhazy family, served the Queen's dinner on them daily. The other dishes are from a service which belonged to the Empress Marie Theresa. It is believed that some workmen who had to make repairs in the castle committed the theft, and in the town of Oedenburg a tradesman has been arrested. I hear that the police have already traced the golden plates, but they have been melted, and are but a lump of

# Attentive Wife.

Atchison Globe. An Atchison man is home sick with a sore throat. Yesterday his wife spent two hours in following him around with cushions, one hour in coaxing him to take medicine, made seven kinds of gruel and soup and did all the cooking for a family of five children, the dish washing and cleaning and took care of a sick baby beside.

# The Dear Little Doggie.

Mrs. F.-It is almost impossible to keep this blanket on Jack. He is so uneasy don't know what to do with him. Mr. F.-Why don't you button it on to "Paris! I adore it. I have walked the his pants?

### LINCOLN AND J. F. JOY

Why the Michigan Man Was Not Appointed a Supreme Justice.

Mr. Joy Rather Spoils the Story by Giving the Facts of the Alleged Inside Political History.

Detroit Tribune.

"Did you ever hear the story about how Abe Lincoln refused to appoint James F. Joy as Justice of the Supreme Court?" said a well-known Democratic citizen, who had dropped into a reminiscent mood. His auditor had never heard of such a thing.

"I guess it has been kept pretty quiet in Republican circles, but I heard it more than fifteen years ago from a prominent Republican under an obligation of secrecy. He has been dead for ten years, and the story is too good to keep.

"It was shortly after the election of Lincoln in 1860. The Republicans had despaired of doing anything for freedom so long as the United States Supreme Court stood like a wall in the way of justice. To many it seemed as if the Dred Scott demon was like the death knell of human liberty. When, however, one of the justices died, I don't know his rame, nearly every one of the Republican States had a candidate for

the vacant place. One day Senator Chandler and the Michigan delegation proceeded in a body to the White House. Old Abe welcomed them in his usual, old-fashioned, cordial way, and when they were all seated Chandler began to sound the praises of James F. Joy, of Detroit, as a learned and able man and a lawyer of national reputation. The perennial smile on Lincoln's face began to 'set' like a plaster of Paris cast. But he said nothing, and sat with his long legs crossed,

with the upper one moving up and down like a pump handle, "When Chandler had finished, Lincoln motioned to another of the delegation, who forthwith made a little eulogistic speech in advocacy of Mr. Joy's appointment. When he had finished, Lincoln listened to the third, and so on until every man had his say. Then he arose, fumbled in his pecket and drew out a bunch of keys, and, mov-ing up to an old-fashioned bookcase, which had evidently been brought from his law office in Springfield, unlocked it and com-menced looking for a certain bunch of files. He saw the letter 'J,' pulled out the file box, and removed the documents. Holding them in one hand, he ran them over with the fingers of the other, and pulled out a letter. Then he cleared his throat and read as follows, as near as I can recollect: "'Abraham Lincoln, Esq., Springfield, Ill. Dear Sir: Your bill for \$300 for legal services in the tax case received and contents noted. I think your charge is altogether too much. The work done was nothing but what a country lawyer could do, and I inclose a check for \$100, which you will please accept in full for your services

in that suit. Yours respectfully, "JAMES F. JOY." "The silence that ensued could be cut with a knife. Lincoln folded up the letter, put it in the other documents, placed them all in the file box and put the latter back into the bookcase. Then he turned the lock, placed the keys in his pocket and said in a steady voice: " 'Gentlemen-The man who wrote that letter has not the requisite sense of justice that would warrant me in appointing him on the Supreme Bench of the United States.

Good morning, gentlemen "I heard that Chandler remarked afterward: 'When I went in with the delegation I felt like a bull dog, with his tail erect, but when I came out I was a yellow dog, with his caudal between his legs."

THE OTHER SIDE. The Tribune thought that the yarn was pregnant and interesting, but remembering the old adage, "one story is good until the other side is told," went over to the Hammond Block and interviewed Mr. Joy. The reporter found the octogenarian standing up at his desk and retold the story he had

"There are some grains of truth in it," said Mr. Joy, "but the main statement that was a candidate for the Supreme Bench is untrue. I never authorized the use of my name in that direction, and I never heard that my claims for the position had been presented before any President. The facts are these: In the fiftles I was the general attorney of the Illinois Central railroad, which was then being constructed. I apprincipal cities and villages along the route, and among others appointed Abraham Lincoln, then a popular and pleasant man at Springfield, and a rising politician. It was several years before his great joint debate with Stephen A. Douglas in 1858, when Douglas defeated him for Senator, and the people put Lincoln a few years afterward in White House. The State franchise of the Illinois Central included the grant of a million acres of land, more or less, in alternate sections, along its route. When which United State Senator David Davis lived, through its board of supervisors, passed a resolution taxing the lands of the company. I believe the supervisors were invited to do this by David Davis himself. Of course, the matter went to the Supreme Court, and myself and Lincoln appeared for the road. When the evidence was all in and the arguments on each side delivered. the court reserved its decision. I heard that the justices were divided in opinion and that a majority were in favor of deciding for the county. This I heard from the reporter of the court, who was allowed access to the room where the justices were debating the case. When I learned this important news I said to the reporter 'I will be obliged if you go to the justices and say in my name that if there is any doubt in their minds on the question of taxing the railroad lands they had better have another saring before the decision is made, as I am sure that my position is right.' "The reporter did so, and brought back word that the court would comply with my request. I found the point of disagreement and elucidated it further and more plainly. The result was the unanimous verdict of the court that the company's lands could not be taxed.

"As there was extra work I was entitled to extra pay, and, as senior counsel and general attorney of the road, I charged \$1,200 for my services, and it was paid. I received a letter from Mr. Lincoln in which he said that he would like to have a good fee for once in his life and he therefore would like to get a section of the coinpany's lands. A section, you know, is a mile square, or 640 acres. I wrote back and informed him that the machinery adorted by the company for selling its lands would not permit any person being paid in land, and that he had better send me his bill for the cash. The next letter received from him was a bill for \$5,000. It staggered me, but I said nothing. I simply informed him by letter that the bill would be passed upon by the directors of the road at their next meeting in Boston. "I was at the meeting when Lincoln's bill came up. All the directors thought that it was an enormous charge and contrasted it with mine; but I never gave an opinion. Finally the board instructed me to write and inform Mr. Lincoln that as the charge was the largest they had ever audited they would advise that he should commence an amicable suit against the company, and, i a verdict was randered in his favor the bill would be cheerfully paid.
"Lincoln did so. Of course he found many court lawyers at Springfield to testify that his services in the case were worth \$5,000, and the court rendered a de-cision in his favor. The \$5,000 was then paid, and there was no hard feelings on either side. These are the facts. are not so piquant as the story you heard, but they have the merit of being absolutely

# A Mystery Unexplained.

New York Evening Post Mr. Howells's "Letters of an Altrurian Traveler" are now, it may be well to inform the curious who would like to have a report on their progress every year or two. giving a guide-book account of New York city, with little chunks of socialism thrown in by the way. The Altrurian finds our rapid-transit system extremely bad, but is sure that "public ownership" would make all right; our architecture is horrible to his soul, but his cure-all is "civic control of the private architecture;" the saloons are bad as can be, but the obvious remedy is to destroy the "private trade in drink" and to place the poor man "in the control of the State as to the amount he should spend and drink" in them. For every evil the same panacea is solemnly brought forth with a complacent Q. E. D. But the though we look for it in vain from Mr. Howells or any of the writers who do not temper their socialism by so much literaature as he does, is by what juggle private injustice, and greed, and sottishness, and folly can, by the mere process of agglomeration, become public justice and unselfish refinement and wisdom. The wonders of the philosopher's stone were nothing to this magic process.

# Agninst Discrimination.

Washington Letter. The last time Bart Scott was here he told consin Legislature. The old man was elected | er be a hypocrite."

to the State Senate from one of the lumber counties and was proud of the honor. When the Legislature met in Madison Senator Blank was daily in his seat before the time for calling the Senate to order and spread the Madison Journal before him to read the news of the day. One morning after the chaplain's prayer, while the clerk of the Senate was reading the journal of the proceedings of the previous day, a gentleman arose and said: "Mr. President, I move to dispense with the reading of the journal." Senator Blank quietly folded his Madison Journal, arose and said: "Mr. President, I move also to dispense with the reading of the Times, the Inter Ocean and all other papers. There should be no distinction against the Journal."

### VICTORIA'S EARLY DAYS.

Events That Followed Immediately on the Death of William IV. Fortnightly Review.

William IV was dead. The Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Conyngham were dispatched to inform the Princess Victoria of the fact. It was a warm night in June. The Princess was sleeping in her mother's room, her custom from childhood, and had to be summoned out of her sleep. The mes-sengers awaited her in the long, unlofty room, separated only by folding doors from that which was inhabited by the Duchess of Kent and her daughter. The young girl entered alone, in her night dress, with some loose wrap thrown hastily about her. The moment she was addressed as "Your Majesty" she put out her hand, intimating that the lords who addressed her were to kiss it and thereby do homage. Her schooling and her instincts were admirable from the first. Self-possession combined with perfect

modesty came naturally to her. A few hours later, at 11 o'clock in the morning, the child Queen met her Council. In the corridor at Windsor there is a picture which commemorates the event. Never, it has been said by an eye witness, was anything like the first impression she produced, or the chorus of praise and admiration which was raised about her manner and behavior, certainly not without justice. Her extreme youth and inexperience, and the ignorance of the world concerning herfor she had lived in complete seclusion-

excited interest and curiosity. Asked whether she would enter the room accompanied by the great officers of state, she said she would come in alone. Accordingly, when all the lords of the Privy Council were assembled, the folding doors were thrown open and the Queen entered, quite plainly dressed and in mourning, and took her seat for the first time, a young girl among a crowd of men, including all the most famous and powerful of her subjects. She bowed and read her speech, handed to her by the Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne, in a clear and firm voice, and then took the oath for the security of the church of

Immediately the Privy Councilors were sworn; the royal Dukes of Cumberland and Sussex first, by themselves. It was observed that as these two old men, her uncles, knelt before her, swearing allegiance, she blushed up to her eyes, as if she felt the contrast between their civil and natural relations. Her manner was very graceful and engaging, and she kissed them both, and, rising from her chair, moved toward the Duke of Sussex, who was too infirm to reach her.

#### A CYNICAL PARAGRAPH. What a Man Thinks of Woman's Love for Clothes.

New York Recorder. Once upon a time there lived a woman, and the woman was lonely, so she cried to the gods: "Oh, I am very lonely. Give me some one to comfort me." And the gods heard and were sorry for the woman. And they took a beautiful human soul, perfect in every part, and clothed it in the garments of a man and brought it to the

When the woman heard them coming she was very glad, for she said: "Now I shall be no longer lonely. Now there will be one to keep me company." But when she saw the soul, she gave a great cry and fell down as one dead. And when she had a little recovered, she shrieked: "Oh, take it away. I cannot bear it. It wears an old-fashioned coat, and, behold, I see a spot of grease upon it. Then the gods were wroth with the woman and took the soul away and left her lonely. So the woman sat and lamented.

ye gods!" cried the woman once "I am very lonely. Give me some Then the gods had compassion on the woman, and they took a block of wood and carved out of it a beautiful human form and dressed it in the latest fashion and gave it an eyeglass and a flower for its buttohole and brought it to the woman. when the woman saw it she rejoiced greatly and she opened her arms and took it and kissed it and fondled it and was comforted. And the woman called the figure a man and she thought it was alive.

# The "Slippery Elm" Crop.

Philadelphia Press. The gathering of the slippery elm crop of the New York and New Jersey dairy farms begins early in February and continues until well along in May. The work is at its greatest activity during March

It may surprise a great many people to know that much of the canned chicken they buy ard not a small portion of the chicken salad they order at restaurants or take advantage of as free lunch are canned chicken and chicken salad only by commercial courtesy. They are in reality simply the compounded results of the slippery elm product of the dairy farms. This is not the slippery elm of grateful poultice fame and of far-reaching popularity as the glib 'cud' of the rural small boy. This slippery elm does not belong to the vegetable world. It is of the animal kingdom—a member of the animal kingdom as callow as callow can be and more slippery

than the oyster. It is calves—calves so young that they have scarcely had time to become frightened at the first sound of their voices. Slippery elm is the pleasing and suggestive term by which these calves are known technically among the producers and harvesters of the crop. They are more widely known, perhaps, as

Hannah Dustin's Descendant. Boston Journal. Mrs. Ruth Rowell, of Bethel, Vt., who is the lineal descendant of Hannah Dustin, celebrated the ninety-second anniversary of her birth on Friday, Feb. 9. When the Indians attacked Haverhill, Mass., March 15, 1697, there was a web of linen on the oom in the Thomas Dustin homestead. Mrs. Dustin and her nurse, Mary Neff, with eleven other persons, were carried into captivity, and the web of linen was captured by the Indians. Mrs. Dustin's babe of seven days was murdered before her eyes. The scalps taken from the Indians slain upon the island in the Contoocook river, of New Hampshire, now known as Dustin island, by Mrs. Dustin, Mary Neff and the boy, Samuel Leonardson, were wrapped in a piece torn from the web of linen, and this piece of cloth has been handed down to the eldest daughter in the line of direct descent from Mrs. Destin, and is now in Mrs. Rowell's pessession.

#### The Widow's Two Husbands. Northwest Magazine.

"Well, Jinkins he was a fust one," said the widow in a reminiscent tone; "he wuz a ornery hound that used to get drunk an' thrash me all over the place. Ef he hadn't been a drinkin' man I could a' stood the thrashin', but I did not like the idea uv both. After he died I married Wilson, an' he wuz a lazy, ornery thing that used to get drunk an' come home, an' I used to thrash him all over the place."

She laughed softly at the memory of it. "That was rather better than the first," I said, laughing with her. "No. it wuzn't," she promptly replied. "No? Why?" I asked in surprise.

"Well, I'd kinder got used to Jinkins's ways, an' when Wilson came I never liked the idea uv doing a man's work about the This was a new phase of "a man's work about the house.'

#### New York Christian Advocate. The railroad corporations of this country

Stupendous Temperance Organization

are practical promoters of temperance and total abstinence. Eight engineers and sixteen trainmen of the Big Four system were notified March 1 that their services would no longer be required. The reason of their discharge was they were recently made defendants in a justice's court in garnishee proceedings instituted by a saloon keeper, who had bills for liquor sold to the men. It is one of the rules of the company that employes shall not frequent saloons. Men are constantly being laid off or discharged from all the leading reads for such conduct. One of the best conductors we ever knew was put on probation twice, feil each time, and then was justly and relentlessly discharged.

#### It Worked Both Ways. Life's Calendar.

She-Does the fact that I have money make any difference to you, dearest? He-Of course it does, my own. It is such a comfort to know that if I should die you would be provided for. She-But suppose should die? He-Then I would be provided for.

# Anger Necessary at Times.

Washington Star. "Hit doan' pay," said Uncle Eben, "to lose yoh tempuh, an' good natur' am a gre't blessin' to a community. But dah a good story about a member of the Wis- am 'casions when er man hez ter git mad

# BROSNAN'S

37 and 39 South Illinois Street.

# DRY GOODS SALE

The extra balance of the Great Purchase of the New York Auction Stock to be closed out Monday, and all next week, at 25c on the dollar.

DRESS GOODS SALE.
One lot Crepon Dress Goods

State have ever known.	For MONDAY only.
Best Dress Calicoes	
7c Apron Ginghams	Pin war ne na na
Best Indigo Blue Prints	50
20c American Sateens	A1.
\$1.25 made Wrappers	OUC
\$1,50 made Wrappers	4 2 2 A A A A A A A A A A A A A A A A A

beauties, first importation. LACES AND EMBROIDERIES Silk Waists..... See the Butter Color Lace at 2c, 5c, 8c, 10c, and up to \$2 a yard.

# BROSNAN BROS., BROSNAN BROS.,

37 & 39 South Illinois St.

# 37 & 39 South Illinois St.

WALL PAPER

\$3 Portieres.....

\$5 Portieres....

Muslin Underwear Sale.

Our line is the handsomest ever shown. Our prices are right.

Call and see us if you wish to buy or not; always glad to show our beautiful goods.

Remember we are strictly in it as far as handsome goods and low prices are concerned.

# WALL PAPER

PARQUETRY FLOORING NEWEST DESIGNS OUT.

ART GLASS NOBBIEST DESIGNS.

# W. H. Roll's Sons, 38 South Illinois Street.

# YRT CLASS

HAD A HOUSE WARMING.

Commercial Travelers' Republican Club in New Quarters.

The Commercial Travelers' Republican Club gave a "house warming" last night. The event occurred in Room 33, When Block, the club's new apartments. Last night was the first meeting under the new arrangement and proved to be on the order of a love feast rather than a regular meeting. The club now enjoys a comfortable, roomy home, tastefully decorated with the national colors and adorned with the pictures of leading men of the Republican party. Above the president's chair hangs a handsome framed portrait of General Harrison, a present to the club. The portrait was donated by Dave Woodard and was last night presented with appropriate remarks, The Bald-headed Glee Club was present, and so successful was the entertainment furnished by the gentlemen that they were speedily initiated as honorary members. Mayor Denny was present and talked to the club on topics of interest to the members. Captain Hamrick, of Danville, Ind., who enjoys a membership in the club, made a rousing speech on the political situation and was followed by W. A. Ketcham, who interested the club for a half hour. Harry Adams with his inexhaustible supply of reminiscences was a feature of the evening. The speeches were interspersed with songs by the glee club and an occasional selection by a stringed orchestra. Two weeks

# MATTERS IN THE COURTS.

Republican candidates of Marion county.

from last night the club will entertain the

A Short Honeymoon. Thomas Gipson, of Jefferson Park, this county, yesterday filed a complaint for divorce, charging his wife, Mary Jane Gipson, with strange and unnatural conduct. He alleges that he was married in January, 1892, and lived with the defendant for two months. On March 5, 1892, he avers that the woman deserted him, wholly without cause, and that she openly declares that she will not again return to him.

Lillie Oakes Dismisses Her Suit. The damage suit of Lillie M. Oakes against William Hedges, which has been pending in Room 1, Superior Court, for several months, was dismissed, yesterday, by Judge Winters. The plaintiff averred in a complaint filed that Hedges came to her house in December, 1892, in the night time and so badly mistreated her that she still suffers great anguish of body and mind. She demanded \$2,000.

Judgment Against Mr. Buchanan. In the Circuit Court, yesterday, Judge Brown granted a decree of foreclosure to the Prospect Savings and Loan Association against Albert Buchanan, who is also the defendant in a suit for divorce, last week brought by his wife. Three years ago Dr. Buchanan gave the building association a first mortgage on his property for the sum of \$4,000. Judgment was rendered for \$4,-

131.15. Sophia Neemeyer's Will. The will of Sophia Neemeyer was yesterday probated. After providing for the payment of her funeral expenses and debts,

and for the erection of a monument over her grave, the deceased bequeaths all of her property to her sons and daughters. Restrained from Selling Property. Judge Harper yesterday issued an order

Perry township farmer, from disposing of any part of his property, pending a suit for divorce. The order was made at the in-stance of Mrs. Breneman, who recently filed a complaint, asking the court to grant her a final separation from her husband.

# CITY NEWS NOTES.

Miss Lemon has returned from New York The Girls' Industrial School realized \$524.24 from the food exposition recently held in Tomlinson Hall. Philip Rappaport will address the Progress

Club this afternoon upon the subject, "Polltics and the Labor Movement. The quartet and choir of the First Baptist Church is preparing to render a song service on Easter Sunday evening, March 25. The Curtis Physio-Medical College will hold its thirteenth annual commencement exercises at Lorraine Hall to-morrow even-

The Bernhard Listemann Concert Company, of Boston, a well-known organization, will give a concert at Tomlinson Hall, Tuesday evening, March 20. Thieves entered the grocery store at No.

183 Elizabeth street, owned by Joseph Callis, Friday night, and stole three cases of tobacco and \$33. Entrance was effected through a window. General Harrison has been invited to pre-

side over Memorial day exercises in Indianapolis, and it is hoped that he will consent to deliver the address. He has not yet replied to the invitation. John Gisler, a fourteen-year-old lad, living at No. 31 Prospect street, is missing

from home. He attended High School No. 2 and on last Thursday had a difficulty in school. Since then he has not been seen. Harry Branders and Merritt Kates were arrested on a charge of petit larceny, yesterday, by patroimen White and Corrigan. Branders stole a pair of shoes from No. 83 East Washington street, it is claimed, and gave them to Kates, who sold them for 25

#### Suhr's Bad Break. The police were called to the corner of

Meridian and McCarty streets last night to quell a disturbance in the saloon owned by the Milwaukee Brewing Company. Fred Suhr was found in a bloody condition and suffering from a severe cut on the wrist, The bartender, Fred Schal, stated that Suhr refused to pay a small debt he had contracted while shaking the box, and that when he insisted on payment Suhr struck him with a chair. A lively scrimmage ensued, in which Suhr received the worst of it. He was put out of the place, but attempted to break in through the window, and cut his wrist on the glass. Police Surgeon Kahlo was called to the station to dress the prisoner's injuries.

# Will Be Tried Elsewhere.

Parker and McAfee, the accused murderers of Charles Eyster, were brought into the Criminal Court, yesterday morning, and through their attorneys, Kealing & Hugg, petitioned the court for a change of venue. Judge Cox has no discretion in the matter of granting a venue in the case of a condemned murderer, and under the law must accede to the demand. He has not yet decided as to the county to which the case

#### will be sent. Death of Miss Belle Sharpe.

Miss Belle Sharpe, daughter of the late Thomas Sharpe, died suddenly Friday night, at her home, No. 850 North Pennsylvania strest. An affection of the heart was the cause of her death. Miss Sharpe's death is a singularly sad one. She was prominently known among a large circle of acquaintances, who regret exceedingly her demise. Two brothers and three sisters restraining Isaac Breneman, a prominent survive her.